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"THE RURAL PASTOR,"

AND

"THE GREAT DAY."

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Walton

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THE RURAL PASTOR.

Supremely happy, rural Pastor's state,
As George A. Watson briefly does relate.

My worthy friend, you ask me how I fare,
But why that ghastly grin and vacant stare?
Your conduct truly most unseemly is,
Perhaps you dearly love to joke and quiz.
If so, my funny friend, take my advice,
Elsewhere yourself betake, within a trice.
Do not your vengeful, mighty wrath expend
On th' owner of no house or other friend.
My graceless laughter loud, and it misplaced,
Be nobly now, by pardon free effaced.
A bony horse I saw, an empty crib—
The bony horse: he had a mighty rib.
Stop, sir! to insult dare not rashly add!
Forsooth! you might fare ill, if I were mad.
Know now, that of great famous Cherry* Town
I am the royal king and only crown,[a]
And dainty fruits have I, of every kind,
Untouched by lawless men, or boys combined,
A sunny, cheery, happy, healthy home,
Enchanting, goodly walks, through which to roam,
A princely church: its old days passed, and more
Souls leading to a mystic, heav'n wrought shore,
Beyond whose nearest, farthest, utmost bound,
Eternal peace and blissful rest are found.

---

*Perchance *demurely*, deftly to conceal,
What th' author wary, *never* would reveal.

A drowsy murmur, soft and sweet, steals on,
The waving grass among, and graves upon,[b]
'Tis but the sainted heroes' mem'ry passed,
Whose matchless joys in heav'n for ever last.
Indeed, a happy pastor am I still,
With rising hopes, a higher post to fill.[c]
Again, I see that plastic, mimic face
That ne'er was seen in witching wisdom's race.
Most loath am I once more to harshly speak,
And on thee, guilty still, just vengeance wreak.
Away! thou canst not, must not tarry here;
I am, twice told, thy equal and compeer.
Thy twisted mind: a crook it has or two,
And this day's raving folly, live to rue.
Indeed! I do most willing, gracious go.
An auburn lock: do now, most kind, bestow,
And joyous down the peaceful stream of time
I sweetly flow, in happy verse and rhyme.
Prolong no more this weary dialogue,
I hate both thee and endless epilogue.
Indeed! my friend, you ever are in mind,
With taste, good sense, and judgment, well combined
Stay yet awhile, my honest, *learned* friend,
Contention cease, and wrathful minds unbend.
And how can I such wondrous love repay?
Prolong your welcome, classic visit's stay.
Indeed! a happy pastor am I still,
With rising hopes, a higher post to fill.

(*a*) Crown: ornament, modest worth!

(*b*) Is't not from Bryant or Longfellow great.

(*c*) Perhaps an oak, a deal, or cedar post,
Within, a living sprite or wily ghost.
This keenly raised his laughter loud, and strong,
And nearly sent him in his way along.

THE GREAT DAY.

The matchless scion of a warlike race,
Who deftly wooed and won, all lovely Grace,
Whose beauteous, sylph-like, and angelic form,
Was on that bright, propitious bridal morn,
The fit enclosure of a blissful mind,
Fired with an ardent love of human kind,
Which does two willing hearts completely blend,
When Heav'n her gracious sanction deigns to lend,
And bids them to remain for ever so,
As joyous on to bliss, they gladsome go.

MY NIECE'S MARRIAGE EVE.

Ah! Lizzie, doubly fair and bright, my dear,
How can you ever, always so appear?
And dare a naughty, gloomy sorrow shade,
And on to-morrow's blissful joy invade?
Swift, boundless beauty's thoughts do now enjoy,
Extatic mind, on visions bright employ.
Sweep boldly down the peaceful stream of time,
Seize hallowed pleasure in its noon-day prime.
From the delicious, potent, sating draught,
Let naught of hateful, ugly sin be quaffed.
And thus, may this, remain, for ever so,
As joyous on to bliss you gladsome go.

ESCULAPIAN.

Ah me! a Dublin doctor, doubly dear,
He truly has no equal or compeer,
Who nobly does his healing art employ
And bids the sick *eternal* health enjoy.
How swift is he to soothe all human woes,
And from the sick expel domestic foes.
Let gracious peace and joy his home pervade,
And sorrow at his happy door be laid.
Thus in a cheerful mind, and body sound,
May brightest virtue's place be ever found.
May he who cures the hardest, toughest sores,
Bestow on him God's choicest, rarest stores.

FAREWELL!

Farewell! to childhood's joyous, merry, happy scenes,
And fondly now my soul on other hopes it leans.
May God protect a father kind, and mother too,
And in their children all their former bliss renew.
Farewell! dear sisters, brothers too, and cherished home,
Enchanting, goodly walks, through which I used to roam.
Mount gently now, my timid soul, to other aims,
Do sweetly yield to laws, that all the earth proclaims.
Amidst depressing, ceasless, weary, irksome cares,
Do not forget the precious, living soul's affairs,
That thus, at life's well-spent, eventful, blessed close,
Christ, Mary sweet, may'st see, and saints to Heaven uprose.

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